



Our Country, her Commerce, and her Free Institutions.

VOLUME I.

OTTAWA, ILLINOIS, FRIDAY, MAY 14, 1847.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

GEORGE F. WEAVER & JOHN HISE,

Canal Street, nearly opposite the Mansion House.

TERMS:

Two dollars and fifty cents per annum, if paid in advance; Three dollars if not paid before the expiration of the first six months; And three dollars and twenty-five cents if delayed until the end of the year.

Advertisements inserted at \$1 per square for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the editors. All communications, to ensure attention, must be post paid.

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The Rose of May.

BY MISS E. C. EDGARTON.

"The house is mauling stone by stone;
The garden-walks are overgrown;
The flowers are low, the weeds are high;
The fountain stream is choked and dry;
The dial-stone with moss is green,
Where'er the Rose of May is seen."

MARY HOWITT.

MAY ROSEBY was the only daughter of a talented but fallen man. He had been gifted by nature with a splendid genius, but with it came strong passions and an irresolute conscience. He fell into habits of dissipation which ruined his character and desolated his mind.

His wife had been a guardian angel to him during their brief union, but after her death he returned to his follies with a fresh appetite, and while yet in the prime of manhood, his rich and vigorous mind became a wreck and sunk in the depths of his own passions.

May was educated by her aunt, and until the age of fifteen, she saw and knew little of her father. He had sufficient reason remaining to him to feel that he was not a proper guardian for a young and motherless girl, and sufficient parental affection to spare her the mortification of witnessing his excesses.

But May did not rest perfectly easy in her ignorance of her only remaining parent. Though she resided at some distance from him, she wrote him frequent letters, and never wearied of learning his history and character from her aunt. On her fifteenth birthday the following conversation passed between them.

"Dear aunt Lucy," said May, flinging aside her work and kneeling upon the rug at her aunt's feet, "I have lived with you now fifteen years, and through all that time you have been to me the kindest and most faithful of friends. I have never known the want of a mother's love, for you, dear aunt, have been as fond and as true as a mother could have been. But I have a father. I owe him a filial duty. I have seen him but a very few times, but I love him, and he needs my cares. Dear aunt, may I go to him—live with him—and, if possible, save him?"

"Poor child, you know not what you ask. There is no salvation for your wretched father. In the grave, only, he will rest from his follies. Would you leave my love and protection, dear May, for the home of one who is so lost to the better impulses of humanity that he loves the wine cup and the gaming table better than his only and pure young child? No, my love, let no dreams of this kind disturb your peace. The less you know of your unhappy parent, the more you will love and regard him."

"Aunt Lucy, I received a letter from him yesterday; it is the first and only one. I will read it to you, and you may judge if its contents are not such as to arouse my deepest sympathies, and to excite a hope in my heart that he may yet be saved. It is written in an irregular manner, and at intervals—oh, my dear aunt, listen—"

"My beloved May—Dare I call you so? Oh wretched father! that thy lips should be so polluted by vice that thy sacred pronouns thy name of purity should be so stained!—May, my only, my darling child, many and many have been the times I have made to reply to your sweet and tender epistles; but oh my God! each horror seizes upon my soul when I attempt my duty, my soul deep in activity with your angel purity and goodness, that is most frantic delirium in

for hours and hours the consequence. . . My sweet child, I love you. I think of you every day many times. You must not shrink from knowing this. It is the only consolation, the only gleam of sunshine that remains to me. And you have influence over me—May, for saying however much you may doubt it. I have avoided the haunts of vice for days after receiving one of your kind and soothing letters. I wear them upon my heart. May—forgive me, but they shield it from some sins—and when I find I must fall—Oh don't scold me, May, for saying must—you have not known the tyranny of sin. . . yes, May, when I find I must fall, I lay aside the sweet talisman, for that must not enter the abode of the DRUNKARD and the GAMBLER. . . oh my child! . . .

"You are like your mother, my sweet girl—you have her beauty and gentleness, and mingled with these, all, and more than all of your father's talents. You will never be anything but a child. They are nothing, unless a principle. Yes, I saw a spraved of sinners. I saw a child, and it is the testimony of my experience, that beauty and talent and kindness of feeling are but as a robe to the soul, unless they are supported and guided by deep religious faith. I know you have this, May. Your aunt is a pious woman, and I have rejoiced to find that your letters partake of her spirit. You will be happy, thank God! . . . I cannot write more—oh May! Cast it from you—it is not worthy the light of your sweet eyes. Could I once feel that I might be pure enough to clasp you to my heart, and press my lips to yours, I should die happy. But this can never be—Oh, my child, pray for your miserable FATHER."

May put the letter back into her bosom, and continued kneeling, with her hands resting upon her aunt's lap, and her soft, tearful eyes entreatingly upturned to others as tearful as her own. There was a silence of minutes. Mrs. Roseby was the first to speak. "May, we will go. For my husband's sake I will go—his last prayer was for his poor brother; for your sake, my child, I will go, and if God wills, you may yet save him. No other one can."

This decision was carried immediately into execution. The limits of this sketch will not allow our entering into the details of May's history, but her efforts to reclaim her father were not unavailing. Often at sunset might she be seen stealing through the meanest streets of the city, in search of the poor wretch who had been absent from earliest dawn, glancing timidly into the grog-shops and cellars where men were carousing, and if by chance she found him, entering boldly the presence of the crowd, and grasping his fevered hand to lead him away, having no enticements but her sweet loveliness, and the spell of her celestial purity. She was always instantly obeyed, for he would sooner have died, than have seen his daughter exposed to the rude gaze and insults of the wretches who were his boon companions.

Her influence became daily stronger, as his affection for her increased, and she had the joy of seeing him gradually preferring her company to that of his guilty associates. Her great object, now, was to persuade him to leave the city and retire with them to a small farm which had been his brother's legacy to her. Many were the entreaties and arguments she was obliged to have recourse to, ere she could prevail on him to consent. But she did prevail at last, and the reward of all her anxieties and labors of love, awaited her in his entire restoration to virtue. But those anxieties and labors were continued many years for the vices of twenty years are not conquered in a day, and Roseby's passions were strong, and temptations many. But he loved May as self-dom father loves a child, and though his struggles were severe, he persevered almost to desperation for her sake. He made her happy at last, and who will doubt that in doing this his own happiness was effectually secured?

From the New York Sunday Mercury.

Short Patent Sermon.

BY HOW, JR.

I have selected the following words as my text for my present discourse:—

There is a full-length, the pampered monarch lay,
Fattened in ease, and slumbering life away.

My hearers—notwithstanding that Industry, with her bran new broom, has swept ten thousand evils into the dust-pan of oblivion, still if we look into the dark corners of this wide world, we shall find that the cobwebs of sloth, large and strong enough to entangle turkey buzzards, are yet hanging there, obscuring the rays of enterprise that yet

glimmer in those benighted regions. The three-story Patagonian of the south wallows in the mire of indolence and grows fat upon the gravy of ignorance; the Lilliputian Laplander of the north lolls in laziness, and willingly puts up with the cold porridge of poverty; the besmeared Hottentot of the east snoozes in his mud-built hut, careless of to-morrow's fare, and content with the crumbs that fall from some stray angel's bread. But, my friends, while these half-finished, miserable models of humanity are thus slumbering amid the stupifying vapors of ease, I want you to reflect upon what a sad condition their poor souls are in. Their thoughts never are thrust beyond the filthy circle of some selfish desire—their hearts lie soaking in the gastric fluid of their stomachs—their understandings are darker than the catacombs of Egypt—and their codes of morals are made up of nature's loose leaves, barely stuck together with the thin paste of instinct.

My dear friends—sloth is not wholly confined to the gloomy arena of heathenism. It often lies at the door of enlightenment, and rubs its slime upon the silken flock of refinement. I have seen it strew the parlors of the rich with sleepy poppies, and surround the poor man's cottage with noxious weeds. I have seen it take all the stiffening out of the stoutest energies of man, and cover youthful ambition with the blue mold of moribidity. I have seen it so fasten itself upon the back of the sluggish traveller as to prevent him from moving from the track when the railroad car of death was hard upon his heels; and I have even seen people lie down and roll into their graves, like a lifeless log, too lazy to exert themselves in their own behalf; and I expect that when the last trump shall arouse them from their sepulchral slumbers, they will raise themselves upon their elbows and growl like a dog with a sore foot because they have been disturbed so soon.

When I pass by a country farm-house and find old hats, coats and breeches stuffed in at the windows, I know that the god of indolence is lounging there, in the midst of want, woe and poverty—that the lank children or necessity are there running up to seed in the shade of neglect, unmoistened by the dews of moral instruction. I also know that idleness is pampered by the pop of excessive wealth, and that where riches abundantly abound, the tares of sloth are yielding an abundant harvest. Lazy fogs surround the head of him whom lucre has lulled to drowsiness, and he knows not how to shake off the lethargic incubus which sits upon his breast, and sticks faster than a blood-sucker to a dead cut-fish. He eats, drinks and sleeps for the sake of diverting his attention from the lumbering wheels of Time that roll heavily by; and in the midst of all his self-styled ease, there are no such convenient articles as peace and happiness to be found. Why, my friends, I have known men of wealth and respectability, whose physical faculties had become so paralyzed with indolence that it would require extra-pressure fever and ague to bring their muscles into active service. Yes, my dear hearers, I say I have seen such men; and one good chimney-sweep is worth more in a well regulated and industrious community, than as many such as could be packed between the eastern cape of Africa and the outskirts of eternity.

Oh, my friends! I regret to say that idleness has of late become a fashionable accomplishment with too large a portion of our young population. Employment is getting to be thought vulgar, and a toil-hardened hand not fit to be offered for the acceptance of the fair sex. Give me a hard hand, a hard head, and a soft heart; but instead of which, soft hands, soft heads and hard hearts, are now all the go in what the dyspeptic pimps of etiquette call the beau monde. The caterpillars of sloth are making great havoc in our neglected juvenile nurseries. They are stripping the young shrubs of promise of their greenest foliage, and blighting the young buds of enterprise as fast as they appear. If matters go on in this way much longer, the rising generation will soon become fit for nothing but to be hung up as scare-crows in the moral grain-fields to frighten young people into habits of industry.—Those who subsist like wood-cocks, by suction, and wet their brazen brows with artificial sweat, are too numerous to mention. They are thicker than toads after a shower. They infest the public bar-rooms, and block up the avenues to prosperity. It requires a more powerful galvanic battery than I possess to re-animate their dying carcasses and set their dormant faculties into healthy operation.

Arouse ye! arouse ye! ye sin-soaked sons of sloth, and with your hands lay the cornerstones of your own respective fortunes. Sow the seeds of industry in the days of your youth, and you will have

the satisfaction of reaping a glorious harvest of plenty in the autumn of life. If you ever think of erecting for yourselves splendid temples of fame, you must strip ambition of its robes of vanity, and commence the work forthwith. If you fall asleep when the edifice is half completed, the chances are ten to one that when you awake you will find it crushed to earth, and its ruins overgrown with the grey moss of despair. O, my friends! you must be up and doing if you wish to prosper in this precarious world. Just keep on squandering life's blessed moments in the indulgence of sluggish dreams, and if you don't eventually slide into eternity shirtless, shifless, and shoeless, then use my hat for a spit-box, and set me down as one of the humbugs of the age. But industry, my hearers, can clothe the tattered mendicant in scarlet and purple, and patch up the broken windows of want with the aid of that patty which abideth forever. Heaven hugs to its bosom the honest and the industrious of the sons of earth—and rocks the cradle of repose where slumber the children of daily toil. Let us work while we live—and go to our long homes with the satisfaction of having done our duty to our Maker, to our neighbor, and to ourselves. So mote it be!

Short Patent Sermon.

I have selected the following as a text to my present discourse:—

I stood beneath a hollow tree,
The blast it hollow blew;
I thought upon the hollow world,
And all its hollow crew;
Ambition and its hollow schemes,
And the hollow hopes we follow,
Imagination's hollow dreams,
All hollow, hollow, hollow!

My dear friends—If I thought my dwelling was as hollow as every thing belonging to this world I would quit it instantly, and go to stone cutting, or at some other business equally as substantial; but I hope and trust it is otherwise. I mean to say that almost every thing we see, hear, feel, or dream of is, morally speaking, as hollow as a gourd shell; and that there is nothing truly solid but heavenly virtues, piety, cannon balls, and straight forward honesty. It is said by some that the earth itself is hollow, and keeps yearly growing hollow and more hollow still. I don't know how this is, neither do I care, but I do know that the whole world, take it in a lump, is hollow—and, what is more, it will always be so till the sands in the glass of old Time are scattered upon the shore of eternity. Oh! how hollow is the heart of man! a mere shell of hypocritical pretension, lined with the silk of fraternal sympathy! His exterior is as smooth and delicate, but the interior is as rough as the road to ruin; and the gas with which it is inflated partakes so much of the nature of high-dry-gin as to render it too volatile to be of essential service.

My friends—the hollow tree mentioned in my text, is a very fit emblem of the hollowness of the world and of all its hollow crew. It tells how hope puts forth its green leaves beneath the genial sun of prosperity, and it also tells how the lighter blais of adversity pronounce it pale, hollow, hollow, hollow. Ambition is hollow as the soul of an echo. It is but a blown up bladder of vanity, occupying altogether too much space for its solid stance, like a dinner made of sawdust pudding. How hollow are the airy dreams of imagination!—mere soap bubbles floating about in the atmosphere of idealty; but when the first breeze of reason blows, they burst and disappear. A crown is but a hollow cap of honor; and hollow, for the most part, are the heads that wear it—and hollow still are the empty hearts that worship it. And love, my friends, is as hollow as a blasted hickory nut. It may be full of the manifestations of sincerity in the summer of its existence, but when the autumn comes there is nothing left of it but the dried and withered skin of its former glory. Friendship, too, is as hollow as a contribution box the day before collection. A friend grasps you by the hand, to-day, while the sun of fortune shines clear and bright; but as soon as it is obscured by the clouds of misfortune, he is off, like a leg-treasurer, with your only umbrella of comfort, leaving you exposed to the storms and tempests of a penurious world. The trumpet of fame is likewise as hollow as an empty spout, full of sound and fury, and signifying nothing, as my particular friend Shakespeare says. Its sonorous tones may echo from one side of creation to the other, but what do they amount to in the end? Nothing but a sad and melancholy whisper of death and the grave. The laudation of the world is empty and void. The hollow critic vents his hollow praise to the hollow fool who heeds him. The sycophant pours his flattery into the ears of his hollow dupes, and then pins curses to their coat tails. Such is the duplicity of human nature.

My dear friends—this world is truly an